

SOUTHERN PATRIOT.

MARTIN & KENDRICK,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO A-HEAD."—Crockett.

Proprietors.

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NO 14

POETRY.

American Girl's Song.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory,
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story,
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet the freemen;
For glory's star knows no eclips,
When smiled upon by women,
For those who brave the mighty deed
And scorn the threatening danger,
We smile to cheer, & tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayer is for the gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis freedom's endless bower;
We'll twine for him some endless wreath
Who seems a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lassies, England's fair,
And nymphs of Sherman's waters.
We need no boast of haughty charms
Though lords around them hover,
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a Lover!

POLITICAL.

Picked-up Dinner.

Is this the entertainment we were invited to!—Daniel Webster.

A picked-up dinner is a blessing which none but the married enjoy. To us it is most refreshing; it is the mosaic work of feeding, and makes up for a multitude of fashionable feasts, where men eat by catalogue, and go to bed with the nightmare.

During the absence of the illustrious Zachariah—who is on his winding way to eastern Massachusetts, by the great lakes—we deem it to be our duty to collect the fragments that have gathered in the nation's pantry during the past week, and to serve them up to the great family of man, as a picked-up dinner. Shade of Epicurus! give us the blessing. Apicius, hand us the tormentors! Betty, pull off our boots!

The upper crust of society is always the most floury, according to Mrs. Partington; and gingerbread is gingerbread, whether sweetened with still-house molasses or maple sugar. There are feasts in political as well as in the physical sense; and there are gluttons, too, who devour fat officers as readily as the old greedies who clear the tables of fat things and lick the platters thereof intuitively. It is a happy thing, now-a-days, to be in the way of blessings. The rain of heaven, it is true, always falls upon the just as well as the unjust; and while it nourishes the corn of honest industry, it cools the hot blood of red-nosed sensuality; but seldom do officers of profit fall to the lot of those who expect them not, as they have fallen in these heroic days. A most laughable case, which presents many unamiable points and much unnatural feeling, occurred, as we are informed, a few days since, in a bureau of the Treasury Department. A young gentleman who had been employed in another office was desirous of obtaining a permanency—if anything can be called permanent that can last but three and a half years—in the bureau in question. He accordingly took a desk there temporarily, laid in his whig credentials, duly endorsed by the senator of all trades, and awaited his expected portion with due seasoning. At length, while expectation stood on tip-toe, and hope deferred had made the heart indisposed, lo and behold! the young man's father, in a distant State, received an appointment to the bureau in question, and immediately came on, and was sworn into office. Judge, however, of the mortification of all parties, when it was discovered that the renowned Meredith had made a mistake,

and had appointed the father on the sons letters of recommendation, and had assigned him to the duties temporarily performed by the son. There was a hopping like parched peas in the promises for some time; but as the son turns out to be a barnburner, it is thought that the error will go uncorrected, and the young man go to Connecticut. The old gentleman, we understand, looks upon it as a national blessing, and is ready for thanksgiving before general training; while the son, whose anger none can appease considers it a crying evil, and desires a day of humiliation ordered on his account immediately, if not sooner. We, however, are reminded by it of Mrs. Goose's beautiful allegory, which all will remember when we repeat it: 'Peas porridge hot, Peas porridge cold, Peas porridge gone to pot nine days cold.'

The whig party of the United States is now in a quandary. It has been blundering along like a blind old rattlesnake in June, snapping and biting every thing that came in its way, and now it has, by some terrible error in judgment, bit itself, and is dying from the effects of its own venom. The nomination of the old "Heroic" was the first dispensation that rested where it was not originally intended. The selection of the cabinet was another chance shot, and unlike all other shots of that description, it did not kill the devil, but scared up seven others worse than the first. The appointment of broken-down politicians to posts of diplomatic importance abroad; the removal of clerks necessary to carry on the affairs of the government before others had been taught to fill their places; the appointment of Cook Heudebert to Lyons, and of Fenton to Cowes; the creation of a brand new organ and the repudiation of the old Intelligencer, where the whigs of the present day first learned to love their milk-evil if it were skimmed, are all convincing evidences that the administration is in its dotage, and that clear-eyed chance has regulated matters and things to suit itself with a vengeance.

We hate to see a man on high heeled boots, suddenly rose one of his heels, and go hitching along like a stung bear to an overturned bee hive; in fact, even where is a little innocent imposition, we hate to see a man taken down a peg or two for his good, all of a sudden, before folks.

The cabinet are now fishing after eels with toad-fish bait in the waters of the muddy Potomac, while the head of the government is looking after an insurrection in Cuba in the iron mountains of Pennsylvania. The fact is, we are under a regency government, and there is no use in denying the fact, or in endeavoring to keep it close any longer. A President has been elected who cannot, or who will not perform the duties of his high station; and although no ultra whig, he has given his power into the hands of a cabinet of ultra whigs, as blue with ancient federalism that indigo will make a white mark upon their azure lides. Is this the entertainment to which we were invited? or rather, is not this the result of "a nomination" on the part of the slaughter house men of Philadelphia "not fit to be made?" Daniel Webster was right once in his life; and we are glad to be able to say so, for while we administer lunar caustic to the ulcerated heart, we have a balm for the wounded spirit. Daniel Webster, physically considered, as a great man—mentally considered, he is a great man, but his greatness in this respect is on the wrong side of the Book of Remembrance. If he could only have a new heart and a regenerated spirit, he would be some in these days of piganies and wire drawing caustics. He is a terrible fellow for fish and wild game, and is always hankering after the medical treatment prescribed for King David when he became old and well stricken with years. The venerable Clay is also great in every quality that distinguishes the northern Cicero. They were both cut out for demagogues, but were spoiled in the making up. Like the man who was always behind the time, they appear to have been born half an hour too late; and if they succeed at all, they are always found among the chips and shavings of their own giant works. They have all kinds of sense, but common sense, and use up more good resolutions in a day, than a regiment of pot house politicians form in the whole course of their lives. May they live until they die, and may their shadows never be less!

The organ, *per se*, is a rare gem to consider at this time. It has not the quiet humors of John Jones's Madisonian, nor has it the spicy richness of the London Punch. It is like a picture magnified by the solar microscope, and will make a stir in the world when any one can find time to read its varied columns. As a special work it is equal to the Fredonian, and as a state paper it excels the defunct Whig. It lacks, however, the dignity of the Intelligencer, and falls altogether in the classics. The articles which the Executive writes are supposed to be the letters from Hull, and the attacks upon poor Denby, which occasionally a puff of the cabinet, who are daily damned with faint praises. Lovers and pigs are alike famous for their tender lines, and republics and despots are as notorious for man-worship. For ourselves, we love the old Saxon truth, and support cordially all image-breakers; and those who don't like it may jump it—as the simpleton did the lead found in the market women's butter.

Alas, poor Denby! and alas for human magnanimity and political sympathy! If he is guilty he will be punished; and is not the punishment of the law sufficient? If he is innocent, he will have a terrible account to settle with his traducers when his turn comes to be heard without spot and blameless. We know nothing of Denby's case but what we have gathered from the newspapers. If they are right, he has been the victim of the sins or of the misfortunes of his agents, 5,000 miles distant from his office, and while legally, he may be responsible for the loss he may be morally innocent of any crime. He is before God and his country in the dungeon of the criminal awaiting his trial. Has his wife and sorrowing children done ought to enflame the anger of the most excellent organ? Has he been found guilty of criminal conduct? Is he to be condemned before trial, and is the ear of pardoning power to be poisoned beforehand by damnable insinuations and diabolical innuendoes?

Soon after General Jackson came into power, a citizen of the United States was found guilty of some offense connected with the disbursement of the public money, and was imprisoned in the district jail. General Jackson was censured by hundreds for not pardoning this offender after he was imprisoned by the verdict of a jury of his country. If that was cruelty, what shall we call the conduct that condemns the untried prisoner, when the condemnor is the organ of the President, to whom, and to whom alone on earth, the prisoner if condemned, can look for mercy and pardon? We love justice; and though we sometimes think it gouges deep into the hides of the poor and friendless, and passes gently over the rich and respectable, yet, on the whole, the blind old error is better than nothing, even in a free country, and if we had money enough we would build her a statue.

The whig press seem to be bent upon howling or barking down the "Union." We have heard of cures baying at the moon; but we never knew that the silver queen of night troubled her self in the least about them; that she shed less holy light, or went to bed an hour earlier. Bark away.

"Tray Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all.

The fact is, if old Zachary has any diamonds, the Union will brighten them; and if he has none, he has no business where he is, and the whig party are answerable to the country for the imposition. Our impression is, that he is not a stone of the first water, and that his frame is the most valuable part of the whole work.—Doctors, however, differ in this respect; but as we judge by symptoms solely, we think we are as liable to be correct as those who feel his pulse by the telegraph in this

"HEROIC AGE."

House of Representatives, 31st Congress.

The following political division of the members elected to the next House of Representatives we believe to be correct:

Already Elected.		
	D.	W. Free-soilers.
Maine	5	2
Vermont	1	2
N. Hampshire	2	1
Massachusetts	8	1
Connecticut	3	1
New York	1	32
Rhode Island	1	—
New Jersey	1	4
Pennsylvania	8	15
Delaware	—	1
Virginia	14	1
N. Carolina	3	6
S. Carolina	7	—
Georgia	4	4
Ohio	10	8
Illinois	6	1
Michigan	2	—
Indiana	8	1
Wisconsin	1	1
Iowa	2	—
Missouri	5	—
Arkansas	1	—
Kentucky	4	6
Tennessee	7	4
Alabama	5	2
Texas	2	—
Florida	—	1
Total	102	102

To be elected.—Estimate.

	Dem.	W. Free-soilers.
R. I., (Aug. 28)	1	—
Vt., (Sept. 4)	—	1
Mass., (do 10)	—	1
Md., (Oct. 2)	3	3
Ohio, (Oct. 9)	2	—
La., (Nov. 5)	3	1
Ill., (Nov. 5)	4	—
All No. elec'd.	102	9

Total 114 107 10

The next House will be composed of 231 voting members—the delegates from Minnesota and Oregon Territories (Messrs Sibley and Truett) not being entitled to that privilege, of which 115 is a majority.—Thus it will be seen that the free-soilers will certainly hold the balance of power. Should these members in voting choose candidates from either of the great parties, according to their political affinities, four (Messrs. Wilmot, King, Durkee, and Julian) would probably support the democratic nominees, giving that party 118 votes, and the other six blend with the whigs, viz: Messrs. Giddings, Root, Tuck, Allen, Palfrey, and Sprague—making 113 votes.—But it is likely each of the three parties will make their separate nominations, and by giving this triangular character to the contest, baffle all predictions in relation to the organization of the next House.

Presidential Dignity.

In his conversations with the whigs of Pennsylvania, Gen. Taylor, when speaking of democrats, applies to them the blackguard epithet of "locofocoes," indulged in only by the slangwangers of the whig party.—such is the sense of dignity displayed by the man who now holds the office of President of the United States. It shows that he has no proper conception of the proprieties of his high position. The Boston Post thus comments upon this indecent and undignified conduct in General Taylor:

Complaint is heard from the administration prints that the 'locofoco' presses make the President's visit the occasion of attacks upon him. They are, perhaps, endeavoring to pay Old Zack for his assaults upon the 'locofocoes' in his speeches on his tour. A President who has no more respect for himself and his office than to apply a nickname to his opponents cannot with propriety claim immunity from their animadversions on account of his high official station.—Union.

Queen Victoria has a bracelet, ornamented with four magnificent diamonds, formerly the property of royal owners, the death of each of whom has been unhappy and untimely. One of them belonged to the Princess Charlotte, two to Maria Antoinette, and the fourth to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

BACKING OUT.

The Republic thus apologizes for the appointment of Heudebert as Consul to Lyons:

"One word as to another point.—Great pains have been taken to represent this petty consulship as one of importance and profit. So insignificant is it, in fact, that for the last ten years the consul there has made no return of the amount of his fees, except in a single instance, when the whole sum received in six months was just eight dollars! If the poor Frenchman has taken the consulship under the idea that he is to get a living out of it, we fear he will be disappointed."

If the fees are as small as represented, we wonder how the "poor Frenchman" is to make his "living"? Will the Republic tell us? Does it mean that our consul shall keep an "eating-house" as a "living" and refer to our government for an endorsement of his "honesty, capacity, and fidelity"? We had always understood that the consulship at Lyons was profitable and honorable, but it seems we have been mistaken.—It is neither.

After all, "poor Heudebert," and his friends have been poorly complimented; for the inference is, had it been worth anything, Monsieur Heudebert's name would never have been put in the "lottery wheel."—We wonder how he will make a "living"!—Union.

The very calmest persons in the world, are apt to get warm, in a political discussion. Witness the following conversation, which we overheard the other day. The interlocutors, were a friend of Martin Van Buren and a friend of the present administration.

"You talk of Martin Van Buren!" said the administration man. "Bah! What kind of a President did he make? Wasn't he the head of the Kitchen Cabinet administration?"

"This was a stumper."

The friend of Martin Van Buren was silent. It was some moments before he recovered his composure.—At last, with an appearance of great calmness, he remarked:

"True Martin Van Buren was at the head of the Kitchen Cabinet administration. That was bad. I grant it."

"You do? Ha, ha—I thought you would," interrupted the other.

"The Kitchen Cabinet administration was bad—deuced bad—condemned bad—yet not quite so bad as the Pawnbroker's Administration which is based upon unredeemed pledges."

Here is the discussion ended.

Gramical Smoking.

As smoking is an innocent indulgence, and as it is customary with people of all classes to relate the news of the day with cigars in their mouths, the following system is recommended:

A single puff serves for a comma,
Puff, puff, a semicolon;
Puff, puff, puff, a colon;
Six puffs, a period.

A pause with a cigar kept in the mouth represents a dash—longer or shorter in the continuance.

With the under lip raise the cigar almost against the nose for an exclamation! and to express great emotion, even to the shedding of tears, only raise as before, the cigar to the end of the nose. For an interrogation it is only necessary to open the lips and draw the cigar round the corner of the mouth.

Taking the cigar from the mouth and shaking the ashes from the end is a conclusion of a paragraph.

And throwing it into the fire is a final and stylish pause.

Never begin a story with a half-smoked cigar; for to light another while conversing is a breach of politeness.

Mr. Macready has given one thousand dollars as towards the relief of the sufferers in New York by the late riot.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

The Postoffice Department and the South

The Washington Republic still dwells on BAKER'S case, and argues at length in favor of its former position. It quotes the action of Congress, in refusing to pass a bill authorizing Postmasters on their own view and inspection, to open pamphlets or letters, in order to ascertain whether the same are of an incendiary character, as conclusive against the right of a Court of Justice in a State to compel a Postmaster to be a witness in a criminal prosecution, and produce in Court a letter in his possession against a criminal. With great respect to the high authority of the government organ, we are unable to perceive any analogy between the cases. No one has supposed that the subordinates of a mere agent to carry and deliver letters, as the Federal Government is, without any authority from the Post Office Department, or by law, can open letters or documents. That authority they may not have, and yet they may be amenable to the criminal tribunals of the country—not ordering them to break open letters, but to bring them into Court, as the property of a criminal, who is accused of crimes against the State. The Republic seems to think there will be great difficulty, even if the letter is brought into Court by the Postmaster of Spartanburg, to get at its contents. It says:

"With regard to the sealed letter in the hands of the Spartanburg Postmaster, we suppose that nobody will be very anxious to claim it; but if any body should insist upon proving title to it, we apprehend that the Postmaster will feel it his duty to deliver it. If it should be produced in Court sealed, we apprehend that the Postmaster cannot be compelled, under any circumstances, to break the seal, or to give testimony as to the contents of the letter. It would be a novel employment for the learned Judge, that of breaking letters open to search for testimony. No well advised lawyer will care about making the experiment; and we are really quite at a loss to imagine in what manner the contents of the letter can be reached, after the letter itself is produced."

The Republic is right, in supposing that the Postmaster will not be compelled to break the seal, and to give testimony as to the contents of the letter. All he will be called upon to testify is, that he, as Postmaster, received the letter, and produced it to the court. What are the awful consequences which will prohibit any well advised lawyer from making the experiment of breaking open the letter, or why it will be a novel employment for a learned Judge to order a letter to be broken open, any more than a sealed commission to take testimony we have not the slightest idea. When the letter is produced into court, the Judge, we suppose, will order it handed to the Prosecuting officer, to be used in the case as he thinks proper. Suppose a man is murdered by a knife, and the knife is locked up in a case in the hands of a friend or agent of the murderer. On the case being brought into Court would it be a "novel employment" in the Judge to order the case to be handed to the Prosecuting Officer, or the case to be broken open, in order from the appearance of the weapon, that the Jury might judge whether it was of that deadly character, that, if used in a fray, murder would be presumed. So in this case, the letter will be broken open, to prove by its contents, the crime and the criminal. It is news to us, that the breaking open of anything—locks, doors, houses or letters, to detect or convict a criminal—was any "novel employment." If such expedients could screen criminals, crime itself would be no "novel employment" but would be a very general employment throughout the land. The Republic must try it again. Its logic, no doubt, will meet the approbation of the inmates of a penitentiary, or an abolition conventicle, but it is rather undignified and out of character in the great Southern organ of the Taylor administration, which rode into power by its extreme zeal for Southern rights.

Charleston Mercury.